WEEKLY VISITOR;

OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.

VOL. IV.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1806. No. 32.]

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

JEALOUSY.

AN IDYL.

From the German of Solomon Gesner.

THE most consuming flame, the most destructive poison, with which the *Furies* torture the human heart, is *jealousy*. This Alexis proved. He loved and was beloved by Daphne. The brown features of Alexis were adorned with manly beauty. Daphne was beautiful as innocence, and fair as the lily that opens to the rising of Aurora. These happy lovers have vowed an eternal passion.—Venus and the Loves seemed to have shed their choicest favours over them. The father of Alexis had just recovered from a dangerous disease. My son he said, I have vowed to sacrifice six ewes to the god of Health. Go, lead the victims to his temple. The temple of Esculapius was distant two long days journey. Alexis poured a torrent of tears at parting from his shepherdess. One would have thought he was going to traverse the wide ocean! Thoughtful and melancholy, he drove the sheep before him; and, as he left the village, like the tender dove, he moaned along the road. He passed through the most beautiful meadows, and saw them not. The most pleasing landscapes had no charms for his eyes. He felt nothing but love, and saw nothing but his shepherdess. He beheld her in the shade, by the brink of the stream; he heard her repeat the name of Alexis, and answered her with his sighs. Thus he toiled along the lonely path; following his sheep, and lamenting that he had not the swiftness of the roe. He arrived at the temple; he offered the victims; and, the sacrifice completed, he flew, on the wings of love, to regain his village. But, in passing thro' the bushes, a thorn pierced his foot. The torment was so great, that he was scarce able to reach a neighbouring cottage. A beneficent shepherd received him, and applied to the wound some salutary herbs. Gods! how unfortunate I am! he cried, incessantly. Pensive and gloomy, he told each minute by his sighs. An hour appeared to him as a long winter's night. Some malignant power at last poured into his heart the poison of jealousy. Gods! he cried, in a low murmur, and casting a fierce look around him, gods! what a thought:—can Daphne be perfidious? Unjust and odious thought!—But, she is a woman, and most beautiful. Who can see her and resist her charms? Has not Daphnis long sighed for her? Is he not handsome? Who is not melted by the sweet accents of his voice? and who like him can touch the lyre? His cottage is close by that of Daphne. They are separated only by a delightful shady walk. But away—Ha!—Begone, distracting thoughts—Alas! you impress yourselves still deeper in my heart! You pursue me, night and day. Oftentimes, the roving imagination of Alexis, shewed him his shepherdess, stealing, with timid steps, through the shade where Daphnis sighed, to the Echoes, his anguish and his love. There he saw her with languishing looks, scarcely hide the sighs that made her bosom pant. Sometimes he saw her sleeping under a jessamine bower. Daphnis follows her thither; he gazes on her; he dares to approach her; his eager looks devour her charms; he takes her hand; he presses it to his lips. Daphne awakes not; he kisses her cheek, he kisses her lips; and yet she awakes not! he cries transported with fury, and direst misery But what horrid images does my fancy create? Why am I ingenious only to torment myself? Unjust! ungrateful! why do I only think on what can wound her innocence?

Six days had this dreadful torture already lasted, and his wound was not yet quite healed. But nothing could detain him longer; he embraced his benefactor; he opposed all that gentle hospitality could invent, to restrain him. Pursued by the *Furies*, he hastened notwithstanding his pain, he ran, he flew!—Night had already come on; but, by the light of the moon, he perceived, at a distance, the cottage of Daphne. Ah, henceforth be gone, detested thoughts! fly far from me! It is there the nymph that loves me, dwells! This night, O gods! this very night, I shall weep with joy on her bosom! As he spoke these words, he hastened his pace, and presently saw Daphne coming through the grove that led to her cottage. It is she! O Daphne,

is it thou! It is thy shape so elegant, thy step so light, and thy robe more white than is the snow. It is she, O gods!—But whither goes she at this hour! For a timorous shepherdess, it is dangerous in the night to walk the fields. Perhaps impatient for my return, she is come forth to meet me. Scarce had he spoken these words, when a young man came from the grove, and followed her. He walked by her side, and Daphne tenderly pressed her hand in his. He gave her a little basket of flowers; which, with a charming grace, she put upon her arm. They went together from the cottage, under the light of the moon. Alexis, seized with horror, remained at a distance, and trembled in every limb. Immortal gods! What do I see? It is then too true! What so cruelly tormented me, is certain! Some compassionate divinity made me forsee it. O unhappy! Whoever thou art, whether god or goddess, O thou that didst forewarn me of my misery, ah, revenge my wrongs! Let me but see this infidelity punished; and then let me die of anguish!

Daphne and the shepherd, holding each the other by the arm, took the path which leads to the grove of myrtles, that encircles the temple of Venus. The moon enlightened their steps; and their behaviour bespoke a tender intercourse.

To be concluded in our next.

SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, FOR THE VISITOR.

PERFECTION.

WHERE is the man, says the world, that can pretend to perfection? The world should first tell us, what is the perfection of man. Is it to have conquered the degrading passions? To be void of Avarice, envy, revenge, and pride? To be brave, faithful, benevolent and aspiring? To exalt the rational faculty to a knowledge of the Deity? To trace divinity in the precepts of christianity? Then, let the world scoff at pretensions as it may, I will not think so ill of mankind, as not to believe that there are many entitled to the praise of attaining the perfection of their nature.

CHARACTER OF THE LATE DR. BLAIR.

THE reputation which this eloquent divine acquired, in the discharge of his public duties, was well sustained by his private character. Deriving, from family associations, a strong sense of clerical decorum, feeling on his heart, deep impressions on religious and moral obligation, and guided, in his intercourse with the world, by the same correct and delicate taste which appeared in his writings, he was eminently distinguished through life, by the prudence, purity, and dignified propriety of his conduct. His mind, by constitution and culture, was admirably formed for enjoying happiness. Well balanced in itself, by the nice proportion and adjustment of its faculties, it did not incline him to any of those eccentricities, either of opinion or action, which are too often the lot of genius: free from all tincture of envy, it delighted cordially in the prosperity and the fame of his companions: sensible of the estimation in which he himself was held, it disposed him to dwell, at times, on the thoughts of his success with a satisfaction which he did not affect to conceal: inaccessible alike to gloomy and peevish impressions, it was always master of its own movement, and ready to take an active and pleasing interest in every thing, whether important or trifling, that happened to become for a moment the object of its attention. This habit of mind, tempered with the most unsuspecting simplicity, and united to eminent talents and inflexible integrity, while it secured, to the last his own relish of life, was wonderfully calculated to endear him to his friends, and to render him an invaluable member of any society to which he belonged. Accordingly, there have been few men more universally respected by those who knew them, more sincerely esteemed in the circle of their acquaintance, or more tenderly beloved and regretted by those who enjoyed the blessings of their private and domestic connection. He is gone to give an account of his stewardship—the church mourns in him the loss of her brightest ornament—Let us submit to the stroke with resignation and reverence; and, as the most acceptable proof of respect for his memory, let us learn to practise the lessons which he taught.

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Self is the criterion of opinion and knowledge.

ANECDOTE OF ADDISON.

MR. Temple Stanyan (says Dr. Birch) on some exigency borrowed a sum of money from Addison, with whom he lived in terms of intimacy and friendship, conversing on all subjects with equal freedom; but from this time, he agreed implicitly to every thing. Addison advanced, and S. never, as formerly, disputed his positions. This change of behaviour did not long escape the notice of so acute an observer, to whom it was by no means agreeable. It happened one day that a subject was started, on which they had before controverted one another's notions; but now Mr. Stanyan entirely acquiesced in Mr. Addison's opinion, without offering one word in defence of his own. Addison was displeased, and vented his displeasure by saying with some emotion, "Sir, either contradict me, or pay me my money."

ANTIPATHIES.

UNDER this article it is our intention merely to relate some very remarkable antipathies, and not to enquire into their causes, that being a subject which we must leave to the more profound scholars.

A lady, a native of France, would faint on seeing boiled lobsters. Some other persons of the same country would experience the same inconvenience from the smell of roses, though particularly partial to the odour of jonquils and turberoses.

I have read of a gentleman who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp.

Erasmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish, that the smell of it gave him a fever.

Ambrose Pare, mentions a gentleman who never could see an eel without fainting.

Joseph Scaliger, and Peter Abono, never could drink milk.

Cardan, was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs.

Uladislaus, king of Poland, could not bear to see apples.

Henry III. of France, could never sit in a room with a cat.

If an apple was shewn to Chesne, secretary to Francis I. a prodigious quantity of blood would issue from his nose.

A gentleman in the court of the Emperor Ferdinand would bleed at the nose on hearing the mewing of a cat, however great the distance might be from him.

M. de Lancre, in his *Tableau de l'Inconstance de toutes choses*, gives an account of a very sensible man, who was so terrified at seeing an hedge-dog, that for two years he imagined his bowels were gnawed by such an animal.

In the same book we find an account of a very brave officer, who never dared to look at a mouse, it would so terrify him, unless he had his sword in his hand. M. de Lancre says he knew him perfectly well.

There are some persons who cannot bear to see spiders, and others who eat them as a luxury.

Mr. Vangheim, a great huntsman, in Hanover, would faint, or, if he had sufficient time, would run away, at the sight of a roast pig.

The philosopher Chrysippus, had such an aversion to be reverenced, that if any one saluted him, he would fall down.

John Rol, a gentleman in Alcantara, would swoon on hearing the word *lana* (wool) pronounced, although his cloak was made of wool.

ON MARRIAGE.

EVERY man who marries ought to have *three* views, *viz* To live quietly and happily in the matrimonial state; firmly to establish his house according to his situation in life; and to give some gratification to his senses. The pleasure of a peaceable life ought to outweigh all the others, and the establishment of his fortune ought to be preferred before views of sensual pleasure. The temper and virtue of a wife give the first; riches, the second; and *agreeableness of person*, the last. But, by a misfortune, or rather a strange blindness, most people reverse this order of things, and prefer pleasure to fortune, and fortune to the happiness of life; and from thence proceed so many unhappy families among those who have only views of pleasure or interest; for pleasure glides away and extinguishes itself, either by possession, which allays desire, or by age, which destroys personal charms; and often riches take themselves wings, and leave a man only an idol, stript of the gold which constituted its value. But good sense and virtue always remain, and are not subject either to disgust or change.

IT is common to hear both sexes repining at the change which their marriage produces, relate the happiness of their earlier years, blame the folly and rashness of *their own choice*, and warn those whom they see coming into the world, against the same precipitance and infatuation. But it is to be remembered that the days they so much wish to call back are the days not only of celibacy, but youth; the days of novelty and improvement, of ardour and of hope, of health and vigour of body, of gaiety and lightness of heart. It is not easy to surround life with any circumstances in which youth will not be delightful, and whether married or unmarried, we shall find the vesture of terrestial existence more heavy and cumbrous the longer it is worn.

THE REFLECTOR.

IN company, to show our breeding, we must not now have either hearts or feelings. We must use the mask, keep our temper, and be us placid as mandarins on a mantle-piece.

Beauty, like truth, is the most splendid when least encumbered.

.....I am only a painter, a worker in oils, but no fawner! I will not accept the invitation to dine with a lord; for I must not be exhibited. I know my distance, and I will keep it. No footman shall sneer over my shoulder. No lady shall act civility, to keep me from sinking in her presence. No lord shall put his half dozen insipid interrogatories, to convince me he has not quite forgotten I am of the *speaking species*.....

A good character is, like a gamester's money, very difficult to keep; and, when lost still more difficult to regain.

This is the true delight!—Love, friendship, and benevolence, catching and spreading, from mind to mind, from heart to heart; modeling the young, melting the old, and harmonizing all. May the principle and the practice become universal!

Books are like women—to strike, they must be well dressed; fine feathers make fine birds; a good paper, an elegant type, a handsome motto, and a catching title, have driven many a dull treatise through three editions.

"I must confess," said a fashionable courtezan, "that, though in the highest degree of splendour, I often look down, and envy the situation of the lowest of my servants, and fancy her more happy. She earns her bread by her industry, and, when her daily work is done, can sit down with a conscience void of remorse, as it is clear from vice. Oh! what pleasure must such a mind enjoy! Many a cottage have I looked on with a wishful eye, and thought the people within, though poor, and perhaps without a chair to sit on, much more happy and contented than I, who passed it in a coach and four, attended with a suite of servants."

It is a melancholy truth, that women have no character at all; and what is called their education, gives none; it only helps to obliterate any distinguishing traits of original disposition, which here and there may rise, by chance, into higher styles of character. We set out, with saying that women *must do* so and so, and *think* so and so, as their grand mothers and mothers thought before them. If any of them venture even to look, as if they had any will of their own, or supposed themselves capable of reasoning, how immediately are they marked as something monstrously absurd, and out of the course of nature; while the most insipid moppet that ever looked in a glass, is preferred to one of those reasoning damsels, especially by empty and superficial young men; whom, such as the majority of them are, two-thirds of the younger women desire only to please; What then are we to expect from women who, flattered into angels in their youth, forget that age will come; and sickness, perhaps, even sooner than time, blast the perfections on which all their vanity is founded

The ensuing character of BURKE, is the conclusion of an essay, written by the late William Beckford, Esq. on the question, whether men of genius are exempted from the infirmities of nature? [EMERALD.

FERVID in thought, and graceful in elocution, he produced from the fertile laboratory of his brain, tropes and figures without embarrassments, and metaphors without end. His imagination was prurient, beyond a rivalship; and his descriptions so animated and so enchanting, that they rather satiated from sweetness, than grew vapid from a want of variety. And yet, he who was thus embellished by nature, and thus refined by art; thus selecting, and thus admired, was more than most men perplexed by the multiplicity of his images, the eructations of his wit; and subject to that irritability of talents, which is the too frequent accompaniment of a great and a comprehensive mind.

If, with a graceful, he sometimes scattered his flowers with too unsparing a hand; and was often found to drop a weed when it should have been torn from the soil—let it be remembered that he still was a man, and subject to the imperfections of his condition. If ideas of a more lax and less impressive import, succeeded to the general tenor and enforcing vigour of his style, and that the beauty of his thoughts and the harmony of his execution were diminished by the introduction of similies and expressions, not elegantly applicable nor glowingly pourtrayed; we should compare them to those passing clouds that, for a moment, over-shadow the face of nature, to allay the intensity of the solar beams, and to encourage them to break forth again with additional warmth, and with a fresh and unaccustomed lustre.

Elevated in his conceptions, and splendid in his diction, his imagination was too often excursive, at the expense of his judgment; and, combining with too much facility, he selected with too little reserve. Possessed of equal powers to astonish and delight, he surprised by the rapid flow of sentences and words, by the brilliancy of his perceptions, the depth of his researches, and the versatility of his acquirements; while the treasures of his intellect were generally disseminated by a stream of eloquence, impressive, full, and clear.

But, since his ideas were prompt and fervid, and his execution ever ready at command, it is not to be wondered at, as his enthusiasm was so apt to blaze, that, when his mind was heated, and drew fire from every object, it should sometimes rather consume, than cherish whatever was found within the reach of its embrace; but if the sun have specks, what man shall dare to arrogate perfection?

As we feel unequal to do justice to the extent, and to detail the variety of his literary talents, so are we unwilling to investigate the temper of his politics. There are many as willing as ourselves to extol the first; and there may be too many found to condemn the last. He has now paid the debt of nature, and may his ashes be allowed to repose in peace!

HAPPINESS.

TO obtain thee, how easy the means! No pre-eminence of rank—no [illegible]hly-sounding title—no splendid fortune is requisite. Thy germ lives in the heart of every human being; but thou canst only thrive amidst the affections of nature: when these are extinct, thou existest no longer; and poor, indeed, are the substitutes which opinion and worldly prejudices place in thy stead.

Almighty Bestower of Life! I thank thee for thy gift. I thank thee that thou hast given me the means of bettering it; and, although little favoured by nature and fortune, it is almost always our fault whenever we do not feel it as a *blessing*.

PRISONS

ARE dismal receptacles of desperation and despair, in whose inmates are personified pining poverty, squalid wretchedness, and hopeless anxiety; where are commixed, in one heterogeneous, equalizing mass, the dissipated, extravagant squanderer of *another's* property, and the unfortunate victim of duplicity, robbed by placing confidence in his *own*. With these are blendid objects of real commisseration, whose distresses have arisen from misfortunes, that wisdom could not foresee, nor human prudence prevent. What feeling heart would not be shocked in such a place, as he contemplates the promiscuous association of the virtuous and the vicious, the just and the unjust; no distinction being made by the unfeeling creditor between the deceived and the deceiver.

RICHARD III.

IN his analysis of the character of Richard the third, Mr. W. Richardson observes respecting the danger in which that prince's conduct had involved him, that 'he now arrives at the brink of ruin, and the slightest impulse will push him into the abyss. He resembles the misshapen rock described in a fairy tale. "This astonishing rock," says the whimsical novelist, "was endowed, by infernal sorcery, with a power of impetuous motion. It rolled through a flourishing kingdom; it crushed down its opponents; it laid the land desolate; and was followed by a stream of blood. It arrived unwittingly at an awful precipice; it had no power of returning, for the bloody stream that pursued it was so strong that it never rolled back. It was pushed from the precipice; was shivered into fragments; and the roar of its downfall arose unto heaven."

ANECDOTE OF TALLEYRAND,

Bonaparte's prime minister of state.

DURING the Easter week, 1768, Talleyrand went with some debauched associates to a public brothel, kept in the *Rue Croix petits Champs* by a woman of the name of *La Dubcise*. He was there involved in a quarrel with some mousquetaires of the king's household troops, and in consequence of declining to give one of them the satisfaction demanded, he was thrown from a two pair of stairs window into the street, and both his legs were broken by the fall. Refusing to tell the *guet*, at that time the police soldiers at Paris, his name and place of abode, he was carried to the hospital, *Hotel Dieu*, where he remained four days, before the superior of the college and his friends, could tell what had become of him. The lieutenant general of the police, influenced by his relatives, gave out that the fracture was produced by accident in the street, and ordered him to be removed back to the college. But there, by the confession of one of his associates, the real cause was already known, and his re-admission therefore refused. It has been related, that when he was informed of his disgrace, though lying on a bed of sickness, he flew into a passion, swearing that it should not be for want of his active endeavours, and *philosophical* zeal, if twenty five years afterwards Christian teachers and Christian pupils were still

found in France, or if Christian churches were not changed into theatres, and Christian colleges, into brothels. That he has kept his word, France has experienced, and all Europe can attest.

REPLY TO BELINDA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

Sir,

A writer in your Visitor of May 24th, under the signature of BELINDA, solicits your advice or what she says is a matter of importance. In acceding to her request, I perceive that you would involve yourself in a dilemma from which all your ingenuity could hardly extricate you. Were you to address her in the words of monition and reproof, she, perhaps, would be ready to accuse you of rudeness, and incivility: on the other hand were you to speak to her with the soothing accents of approbation and praise, your female readers, to whom this question must be peculiarly interesting, and who expect from you investigation and not elogy, would have reason to complain.

To obviate this difficulty, permit one of her own sex to reply to Belinda. What would be deemed impoliteness in you, in me would be but friendship, and what flattery, truth.

In the statement drawn up by Belinda, she has not placed before you the whole merits of the case. She holds up to view an imperfect sketch of a landscape, and then demands your opinion of each particular object it contains. There is a want of congruity in the execution of the piece, which is perceptible at a glance.

Horatio is represented the exemplar of all that is great and good; faries were present at his birth, and doled out to him their gifts with liberal hands; and yet this same Horatio, because he makes a proffer of his love—because he does that which should entitle him more to be loved, receives from his mistress, who before almost felt for him the "kindly passion," nothing but scorn and contempt. Is this in woman? Is it in nature?—Causes are uniformly, followed by adequate effects. Good qualities usually beget esteem, as does attention, love. But here we see the reverse take place; good qualities and attention occasions only disgust, and even love, which disposes us to do kind offices to the object beloved, which throws into the manners and into the eyes, that softness and that languishment so eloquent, love itself offends. Behold, Belinda, the incongruity of which I speak.

Let me proceed to notice some other points of the "request." "Judging,' says Belinda, "from the above observations, those who have more of feeling than judgment, will, no doubt, be ready to stigmatize me with the appellation of coquette; but reflecting persons, I am inclined to believe, will palliate my conduct in this respect, by the consideration of the fallibility prone to human nature." Belinda feels that she has acted wrong, and here is compelled to acknowledge it; she is conscious that she has been individually weak, and therefore is willing to shelter herself by telling of the weakness of human nature.

"No woman," she goes on, "of ordinary discretion can esteem, or even respect the man, who permits his passions so far to get the better of him, as to make his happiness wholly dependent on the object of his admiration." I am destined to differ with Belinda on every point: the misery of no one human being was ever occasioned by his admiration of any other human being.—Admiration is an unimpassioned sentiment. But if, as it would seem, Belinda by admiration means love, then I say, that whoever truly loves, must feel that his happiness or misery depends upon the object of his passion. Again—

"Can friendship and esteem, once sunk into mere pity, ever be kindled into pure and unadulterated love? No one, I presume, who has studied human nature, will say it can." To parody this last sentence—No one who has studied human nature will say, that pity *cannot* be kindled into love. Pity approximates nearer to love than any other affection of the mind; nay, in the heart of a delicate and retiring female,

"Who would be woo'd and not unsought, be won,"

it is almost always the harbinger of love. Pity for the agitation, the alternate hopes and fears of a lover, are the sure signs of an incipient passion in the female breast.

"The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love."

Belinda begins and ends by asking advice. If she wishes advice for the purpose of following it, enough may be extracted, without much ingenuity, from this paper, though it is not given in a direct manner.

ELIZA.

A LOVER'S LANGUAGE.

Who can behold such beauty, and be silent?
Desire first taught us words: Man when created,
At first alone, long wandered up and down,
Forlorn and silent as his vassal beasts;
But when a Heaven-born maid, like you appear'd,
Strange pleasures fill'd his eyes, and fir'd his heart,
Unloos'd his tongue, and his first talk was love.

Otway.

On a beautiful girl, by Mr. Sheridan.

Mark'd you her eye, of heav'nly blue,
Mark'd you her cheek of roseate hue;
That eye in liquid circles moving,
That cheek abash'd at man's approving:
The one love's arrows, darting round,
The other blushing at the wound.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

TO MISS MARY B**K**K. BROAD-WAY.

"Oh, object of my tenderest love!
"There is no wily flatterer near,
"Cease then my fondness to reprove,
"Nor wrong a passion most sincere.

"Truth's pencil every feature draws;
"The odious may her visage see,
"And to each sweet enchantress shews
"Such as she now presents to me.

"No more my fond attentions blame,
"Drive from thy mind unkind distrust,
"And cease my homage to disclaim,
"For I can praise and still be just.

I love to gaze upon thy face,
Where every gentle passion plays:
And while my heart admires its grace,
My tongue truth's impulse quick obeys.

I love thine easy step to mark,
That skims the surface of the green;
I love thine eyes to view.....where lurk
The surest shafts of Beauty's queen.

I love.....but why my vows repeat,
Mary, I love thy form and mind,
And while this heart shall know to beat,
Love, praise, and truth shall there be join'd.

A. G.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1806.

The awful sentence of death was, on Saturday, passed upon John Banks for the murder of his wife—Though delivered in that solemn and impressive manner for which the hon. judge Tompkins is remarkable, and though it was a powerful appeal to the best feelings of the heart, the prisoner remained unmoved. He exhibited a shocking instance of human depravity: enquired of the court if he could not be hanged the week following: and shouted as if in a delirium of joy.

That the human mind may, by the indulgence of those violent passions, hatred, and revenge, become unmindful of an *hereafter*, and be led to the commission of crimes dreadful in their consequences, both to the perpetrator and the sufferer, we have now a melancholy proof.

That a being, however, endowed with rational faculties, should not *dread*, but rather *court* dissolution, while stained with the blood of a fellow creature, is a circumstance so uncommon, that we would wish to attribute such conduct to mental derangement. That such is not the case, however, we are well acquainted.

Extract of a letter.

One cold stormy day last February, a female stranger made her appearance in the Beach-wood's settlement on the Lackawana. She appeared to be about the age of thirty; tall and delicately formed; but the rose that once had bloomed on her cheek, was withered by the canker worm of care; and reason no longer swayed his sceptre over her mind. "They drowned mother, O! how she screams!—there! there! she sinks—help her—help her!" was the burden of her song.—But she occasionally, would cast her eyes on the men, and, with a wild and fearful look, exclaim, "No, no!—I hate you, you've ruined me,—poor Poll would drown herself, but the water's cold." No entreaties could induce her to take shelter from the ravages of the storm—But flew from house to house, a most melancholy picture of sorrow and woe.—After having been absent a day or two, she returned with an infant naked, on her bosom. "Poor thing" she would cry when the hospitable cottager begged it of her. "Poor thing, I know you'll starve it." Nature remained true to her duty, altho' reason had fled from her seat.—A tear, the first she had shed, fell and mingled with the snow on its neck.—The soul of the little sufferer was just winging its way to a kinder parent, when the unfortunate maniac entered a cottage where the woman had but the week before buried a new born infant—She kindly begged that the child might at least be put in her arms. The mother consented, and Mrs Bucklin (for that is the name of the humane woman,) wiped the snow from its neck, wrapped it in warm flannel, and gave it the breast. A gleam of wandering reason seemed to shoot across the mind of the distressed mother. She was delighted to see her offspring on the breast of its humane nurse, and expressed no wish to take it again, but soon wandered off, declaring she had drowned her child. She passed the village, and it is not known whence she came, or whither she has gone. Mrs. Bucklin still keeps the child, and nurses it as her own. Col. Stanton, of Wayne county, has sent it some clothes, and the name of Polly Snow, expressive of the place of its birth. In the name of humanity, thank them for their kindness.

[*Luzerne Federalist.*

It is with regret we have to notice the re-appearance off the Hook, of the Leander and other British ships of war, and the recent capture of two valuable ships bound to this port—the Herkimer, from the coast of Peru, and the Eliza-Ann, from Bordeaux.

N. Y. Gaz.

MEADVILLE, (PENN.) May 15.

FIRE—On the night of the 6th inst. the mill of Mr. Jacob Hunnell, in Salem township, Mercer county, was entirely consumed by fire, together with upwards of two hundred bushels of grain, &c. What renders this catastrophe the more distressing to Mr. Hunnel, is the death of two of his children, the one about 14, and the other 11 years of age, who perished in the flames.

HUMANE SOCIETY.

The Humane Society acknowledge the receipt of the following donations, since their last report, viz: The sum of 16 dols. being the fees of a special jury at a late King's County circuit. reported by Mr. Storm. 41 dols 25 cts. the fees of a jury of the U. S court, held in this city in Sept. last—reported by Mr. Bleecker. 9 dols. received from Mr. Saml. Campbell. by the hands of Leonard Bleecker, being jury fees, at a late court. And, 1 dol. 50 cents, jury fees, reported by Mr. James Bleecker. The society acknowledge a donation of about 75 lbs. pickled beef, person unknown.

Published by order of the Society.

J. NITCHE, jun. Sec'ry.

Iron Manufactory.

The Iron manufactory, at Carron, in Scotland, is the greatest of the kind in the world. The weekly consumption of coals amount to *eleven thousand* tons, at 4 shillings per ton, and the consumption of each day is equal to that of the city of Edinburgh for a week. As many coal, therefore, are consumed in the Carron foundry, as would suffice to supply a city of *seven hundred thousand* inhabitants.—One thousand workmen are daily employed in the manufactory, whose wages amount to 700*l.* sterling a week, and 36,400*l.* per annum.

Deaths in this city last week—of consumption 10, convulsions 8, decay 3, dropsy in the head 2, dysentary 4, inflamation of the lungs 2, old age 2, small pox 3, worms 2, child-bed, drowned, bilious remittant fever, inflamatory fever, hives, inflamation of the liver, mortification of the bowels, pleurisy, suddenly, suicide by jumping out of a window, by laudanum, of each, one—Men 16, women 12, boys 11, girls 11—Total 50.

To Readers & Correspondents.

We again acknowledge with gratitude, the increase of patronage which we have received—FOUR HUNDRED respectable subscribers have been added to our list during the last six months. Our exertions shall not be wanting to render the Weekly Visitor worthy of that support which it daily receives.

Our correspondents will much oblige us, by sending their communications as early in the week as may be convenient.

Our fair correspondent, ELIZA, will accept our thanks. BELINDA, we think, will acknowledge the correctness of her remarks.

Several pieces under consideration.

MARRIED,

At Newtown, (L. I.) on Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Woodhull, Mr. Samuel S. S. Hoyt, to Miss Sally Delaplaine, daughter of the late Mr. Nicholas Delaplaine, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the right reverend bishop Allen, of Philadelphia, Mr. Daniel Lane, to the lovely and accomplished Miss Hester Johnson, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Robert Boldridge, to Miss Phoebe Davis, both of this city.

DIED,

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. James Sell, merchant. He lived respected, and died lamented by all who knew him.

NEW BOOKS.

SAGE AND THOMPSON,

149 PEARL STREET

Have received from LONDON, by the ship Alexander, a large addition to their former assortment of books, which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms: among which are the following:

Political and Confidential Correspondence of Lewis the 16th by Helen Maria Williams, 3 vols.
Revolutionary Plutarch, 3 vols. 12mo calf gilt.
Female Revolutionary Plutarch, 3vls 12mo. do.
Life of John Wilkes, 5 vls 12mo.
Rural Philosopher, 8vo calf gilt.
Picture of London, for 1806.
Court Calender, for 1806.
Letters of a Mamaluke, 2 vols. 12mo.
Henry's Commentaries on the Bible, 6 vls. 4to calf
Doddrige's Expositor, 6 vols 8vo. calf.
Cruden's Concordance, 4to calf.
Zollikofer's Sermons, 2 vols. 8vo.
Clauds Essays on the Composition of a sermon, 8vo
Sturm's Reflections on the works of God, 3 vols. 18mo
Romain's Walk of Faith, 12mo.
Do. Life of Faith 12 mo; Walker's Sermons, 4v 8vo
Withering's Botany, 4 v 8vo
Adam's Classical Biography, 8vo
Smollet's Works, 9 v 8vo do.
Goldsmith's Works, 4 v 8vo do.
Locke's Works, 10 v 8vo calf.
Do. on the understanding, 3 vol. 12mo.
Spectator, 8vo. 12mo. calf gilt.
Dobson's Life of Petrach, 2 vol 8vo do.
Dictionary of Polite Literature, 2 vol. 12mo. do.
Ossians Poems, 3 v 18mo do
Cowper's Poems 3 v 12mo do.
Hayley's Triumph of Temper, 12mo do.
Father's Legacy, 12mo do.
Tomkin's Select Poems, 12mo do.
Pope's Works, 6 v 18mo
Pindar's Works, 4 v 12mo
Bishop's Poems, 2 v. 12mo do.
Ovid's Art of Love, 12mo do. Plates,
Odes of Anacreon, 12mo do.
Boswell's Life of Johnson, 4 v. 8vo calf
Cooper's Distiller, 18mo
Handmaid to the Art, 2 v 12mo
Reide's Essay, 3 v 8 vo calf guilt.
Fenning, on the globes; Keith do.
Johnson's, Sheridan's, Jones and Bailey's Dictionaries.

HISTORY &c.

British Classic's 7 vols. 8vo
Gibbon's Rome 6 vols 8vo New Edition.
Russels Ancient and Modern Europe 6 vols. 8vo
Mavors Voyages and and Travels. 24 vols
Kotzebues Travels 4 vols 12mo
Biographical Dictionary 15 vols. 8vo
do do. 8vo.
Studies of Nature 3 vols 8vo
French Revolution. 2 vols. 8vo
Bristed's Tour through the Highlands of Scotland 2 vols. 8vo
Rollins Belles Lettres, 2 vols. 8vo
Richardsons Correspondence 6 vols.
Robertson's History of Charles 5th 4 vols 12vo
Richardsons Pamela, 4 vols. 12vo
Do. Clarrissa Harlow, 2 vols 8vo
Beauties of English Prose, 12mo
Do. do. Poetry, 12vo
Carr's Nothern Summer 12vo
Do. Stranger in France 12vo
Burn's Works, 3 vols. 12mo
ohnson's, Dictionary in miniature 12,mo

together with a great assortmeut of NOVELS, TALES ROMANCES, &c. many of which were published in London the present year. Also,

Extra large thin Folio and Quarto Post Papers. Plain, Hotpressed, and Gilt Edge, Lignum Vitiae and common Sand Boxes, Ivory and other Pounce Boxes, Pounce, Best Led Pencils with and without slides, Wedge wood, Pewter and Ebony Ink stands, Walden's Japand Ink, office seals, Ink Powder, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Penknives, Silver and Steal Pencil Cases, Playing Cards, India Rubber, Slates and Slate pencils, Quils, Tooth Brushes Reeve's water coloured Paints by the Box or single Cake, Drawing Paper, Ink and Sand Glasses for Portable Desks, Metallic Pencil Memorandum Books, Scales, Dividers, Mathematical Instruments, Fools Cap and Post Papers, Bone and Ivory Paper Folders, Letter Racks, and a variety of other articles. May 10.

E. RILEY,

RESPECTFULLY INFORMS HIS PUPILS,

That he has removed his

MUSIC ROOMS,

To No. 13 Broad Street, and his dwelling to Harrisson Street, two doors from Greenwich Street near the north river.

The GERMAN FLUTE,

FLAGIOLETT, GUITTAR, & PIANO FORTE, taught on the most approved principles.

4 t May 31

THE NEW-YORK LANCASTER SCHOOL.

IT is a common complaint among Parents, that the persons who have the care of their children at school, take more scholars than they can attend to, and the complaint is founded in truth. Teachers must live: and the price of education being low, they depend for subsistence, upon the number of their pupils; the cause of this evil is to be found in the usual plan of Education, which renders it impossible for one person to discharge with fidelity, the duty of Teacher to more than a small number of children.

But there exists now in London, a school in which *one thousand* children are thoroughly instructed under the care of one Master alone. It was Established by Mr JOSEPH LANCASTER, in the Borough Road, Southwark, under the patronage of many of the principal characters in Great Britain. This extraordinary Institution is founded on a new system of instruction; at first it consisted of only 113 scholars, but is now extended to 1000, and is shortly to be enlarged still more. Another Institution of the same kind is established near Westminster, where a similar number are educated. A subscription is opened for the education of 10,000 poor children, on the same principle.

Mr. Lancaster has published a full account of this plan, which excellent work the subscribers have in their possession.

The favourable reception which this mode of Education has met with in England, has encouraged the subscribers (one of whom has had some practice therein) in attempting to establish a school upon the same plan, in which Mr. Lancaster's simple, but excellent methods will be adhered to, as nearly as circumstances will admit The two leading principles on which the system is founded, are emulation, and the hope of reward; principles which address themselves in a peculiar manner, to the ardent temper of youth. These operative springs of action, are made to pervade the whole course of Instruction. Diligence brings its own reward, and honour is a sure attendant upon exertion: while an inflexible discipline represses disorder, the rod will be little used, as it has been proved, that the hope of winning a top, or a ball, will do what many whippings could never have effected

The school room is large, and in a healthy situation, at No. 222. Greenwich street, and as it is intended that the school shall offer advantages in respect to expence, which are not to be obtained in any other respectable school, the terms are fixed as follows:

Spelling and Reading . . . . Per. Qr. 2 Dols.
Spelling Reading, and Writing . . . . 3 Do.
Spelling Reading, Writing Cyphering, 4 Do.
Pens and Ink . . . . . 25 Cts.

N B. Rewards to a considerable amount will be distributed among the scholars, at the expense of the subscribers.

WM. PIRSSON, & CO.

New York, May 17.

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house, No. 92 Greenwich-street, on the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter

☞ Ladies attended at their own houses as usual.

December 14.

FROM THE LATIN OF NAUGERIUS.

BY W. SHEPHERD.

[Some beautiful lines on the same subject will be found in the notes to Moore's Anacreon; and also a few admirable stanzas, written by Coleridge.]

As late through the meadows fair Phillida stray'd,
And cull'd the sweet flowers the pride of the grove;
Conceal'd in a rose-bush the frolicksome maid
Espied the young urchin, the Dæmon of love.
Mid a nosegay of lilies and roses confin'd,
She soon held his godship, who struggled in vain:
A strong silken fetter his pinions entwin'd,
And tho' gentle, unyielding was Phillida's chain.
But when plac'd on her 'kerchief, he roguishly ey'd
Her bosom that heav'd with so snowy a swell,
Ah, mother! go seek a new cupid he cried,
For here I, delighted, forever will dwell.

PITY'S TEAR.

WHEN fanned by Zephyr's balmy wing,
Sweet is the rosy breath of Spring;
Illusions sweet the soul beguile,
When blushing Beauty deigns to smile;
But sweetness more intensely dear,
Distils from Pity's melting tear.

Mild is the Evening's parting beam,
Reflected from the silver stream,
In softer beams of shadowy light,
Still milder shines the queen of night;
But Virtue's mildest rays appear,
Enshrin'd in Pity's lucid tear.

By memory wak'd, the pensive eye,
Reviews past scenes of tender joy;
Such scenes, though sad, we fondly love,
So plaintive mourns the widowed dove,
Yet plaints more tender far appear,
When Pity drops the soothing tear.

Dear to the blooming, fragrant flowers,
Are vernal suns and genial showers,
To lovers dear the magic name,
Which vibrates thro' the impassioned frame;
But ah! more exquisitely dear,
The bliss that flows from Pity's tear.

Ah! ne'er may hollow Art supply
With mimic tears the streaming eye,
Nor pleasure's soft alluring spells,
Seduce the heart where pity dwells,
But Sensibility be near,
To prompt the sweet voluptuous tear.

When dark Distress with looks unkind,
Freezes the warm ingenuous mind,
And dead to Sorrow's various moan,
Would weep but for itself alone;
May generous sympathy be there,
And Pity's meek dissolving tear:

Take, conquer, take the mind you seek,
The widow's tear, the orphan's shriek;
Let Glory's blood-stain'd wreath be thine,
The sacred pulse of Pity mine;
Mine....what to Heaven itself is dear,
The pathos of her simple tear.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

HOPE.

In the bosom of misery there grows up a silent and comforting anticipation of change, which where a sense of religion prevails, is fostered by our griefs, and fed by our calamities.

—

BOLINGBROKE says truly, that to set about acquiring the habits of meditation and study late in life, is like getting into a go-cart with a grey beard, and learning to walk when we have lost the use of our legs.

—

Magnanimity and Illiterateness.

Du Gueslin, the greatest warrior of his time, being on his death bed, and bidding adieu to his veteran officers, who had served under him forty years, entreated them not to forget what he had often said to them, "That in whatever country they were engaged in war, churchmen, women, infants and the poor, were not their enemies." This man could neither read nor write.

—

SOCRATES, being very old, and afflicted with indisposition, was asked, by some one how he did. "Well," he replied, "either way. If I recover, said he, I shall be envied by many. If I die, I shall be praised by many."

ELEGANT AND MORAL.

The world, which you figure to yourself smooth and quiet as the lake in the valley, you will find a sea foaming with tempests, and boiling with whirlpools; you will be sometimes overwhelmed by the waves of violence, and sometimes dashed against the rocks of treachery.

—

IT is said of the younger ANTIGONUS, that when he was told that his son was slain in battle, he went to look upon the body, but he neither changed color nor wept. He commended him as a valiant soldier, and ordered him to be buried.

—

ALL can judge of a man's dress, a few of his understanding; and many who discern a person to be a fop, are unwilling to believe he can be wise.

Edmund Burke, and the Book Case.

Mr. Burke, author of *the Sublime and Beautiful*, going to a book-case and finding it locked, said, 'this is *Locke on the Human Understanding*.

—

Flattery in Rags.

"Your charity, dear lady," cried a beggar the other day,—"I have no small change." "Then, charming madam, give me your beautiful lily hand to kiss." "No friend, there's half a crown for you."

—

A TEXT.

A reverend divine, who lately preached before a *fashionable* audience, took for his text the 12th chapter of the Revelations, and part of the 1st verse: "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven, *a woman*."

—

RICHES.

A rich upstart collector of the revenue, asked a poor but wity person, if he had any idea of the advantages arising from riches. 'I believe,' replied the wit, 'they give a rogue an advantage over an honest man.'

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